SUBTERRANEAN SIDE SHOW

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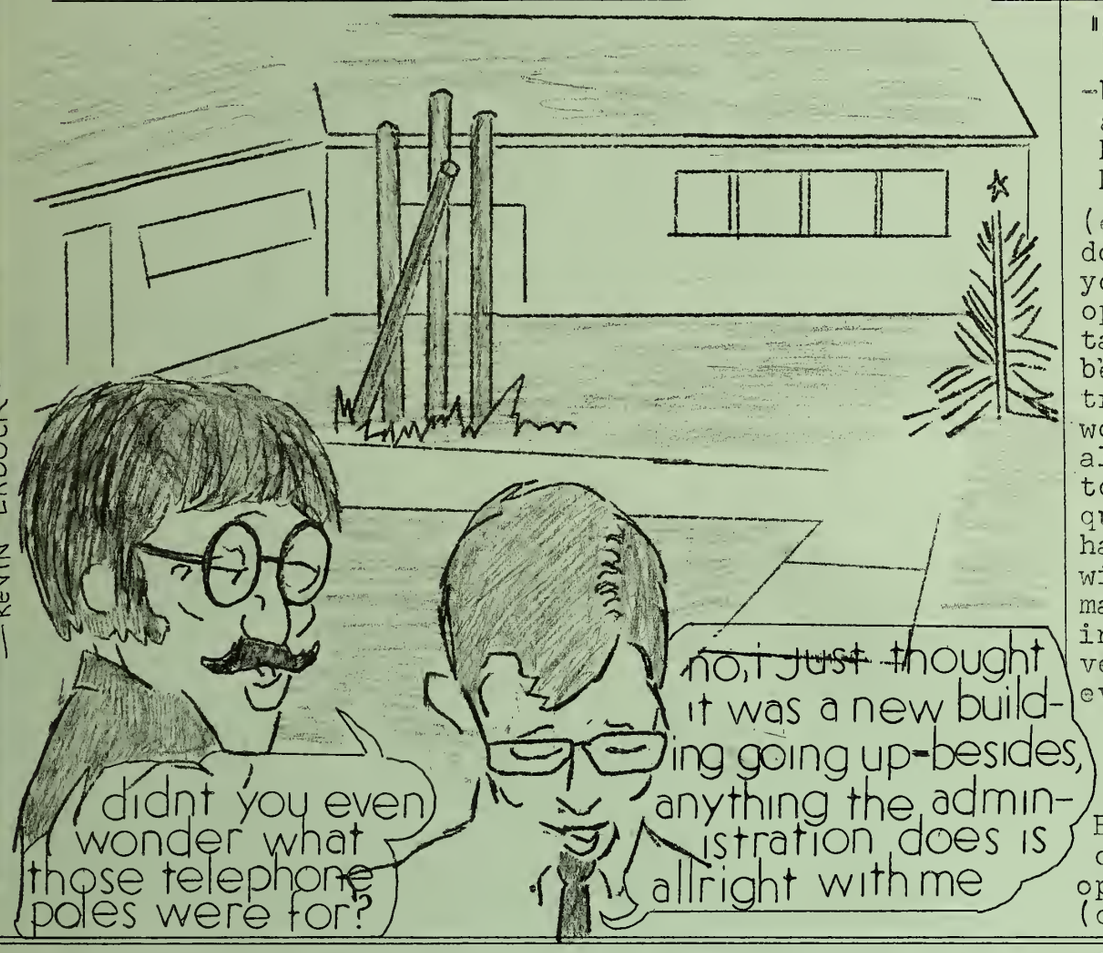
no. 17 cultural cinema club

SPECIAL JUCO BELL SALUTE ISSUE

MR. QUASIMOTO
JJC'S NEWEST ARCHITECT
(no. 23 in a continuing series)
DIRECTOR OF BELL RINGING



"my own story"

-by The Bell-
as told to Jim Ridings and Kevin Lagger

(ed.note... I doubt if many of you have had an opportunity to talk with our new bell. This is tragic, indeed. I would encourage all the students to go out into the quadrangle and have a nice chat with our bell. It may be the most intelligent conversation you've ever had at Juco)

I suppose you all read "The Story Of The Bell," passed out during the open house last (continued page 3)

-let's give to the waste cans-

by John Dzuryak

(ed.note: the following article need not necessarily apply to the bell!)

Take a look around. What do you see? You say you can't see? You know why, don't you? Pollution! Yes sir, pollution is ruining our world. Have you ever considered what it does to our campus? We can't solve the problems of the world, but we can sure do something about our campus.

Polluting seems to be a part of our inner selves. At times we don't seem content till we can start the destruction of an area by the thought- (continued on page 4)

THE LEGEND OF AHTU

by Mike Wilhelmi

Long ago, at a time when the Mwali tribe still roamed the plains of Tradnor, and Kareeta had not been struck with the plague of the goddess Visera, there lived in the jungle village of Matawee, Kwatara, a young boy of much virtue, and Trainta, his ailing grandfather. The village of Matawee was very poor and since they were forced to trap animals of the forest for their food, there was often no food at all. Kwatera was setting his traps early one morning when he was set upon by a giant jungle ape, who had already (continued page 2)

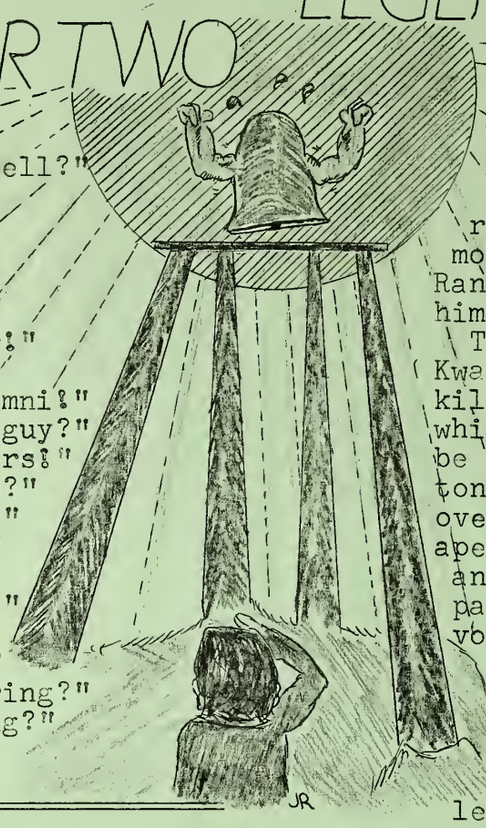
inside: a students dramatic account:

"WHAT THE BELL MEANS TO ME" page two

ding dong school

DIALOGUE FOR TWO

by John R. Shields



"How do you like our new bell?"
"You're few what?"
"Our new bell!"
"What blue cell?"
"No, sir, our bell!"
"What's that? Who fell?"
"No, the bell on the tower!"
"Go smell what flower?"
"No, the gift from the alumni!"
"The shaft from what dumb guy?"
"It cost hundreds of dollars!"
"What goes on at all hours?"
"No, it rings on the hour!"
"Who sings in the shower?"
"It signals the classes!"
"Does what for the masses?"
"It's part of tradition!"
"What book, what edition?"
"Sir, are you hard of hearing?"
"What's that you're fearing?"
"The bell, okay?"
"The hell, you say!"

first person award

WHAT THE BELL MEANS TO ME

As a student at JJC and an American citizen, I have had two heart stopping thrills in my lifetime. The first was meeting Spiro T. Agnew. And now, the great ancient bell of JJC.

The bell may mean many things to many people, or it may mean nothing at all. But to me it symbolizes all the ideals in the great American dream. Each golden pole represents a different quality: Freedom- freedom from JT, hall passes, and an easy access to downtown. Justice- the great justice and fair play received through open forum and give and take discussions. Faith- the great faith in God restored by the mystic bell, which also serves as a shrine if you happen to be a pagan. Humility- the humble feeling down to the toes one gets when considering the size, the heritage,...and the cost...of our wonderful bell. This is why I think the bell symbolizes everything that is good and American.

—subterranean side show—
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LEGEND OF AHTU

(continued from page 1)----- claimed the lives of many of the villagers. Kwatera began to run but could not make his way back to the safety of the village. He ran until he could run no more and stumbled, with only Rantor, his knife, to protect him from the jungle ape.

The jungle ape was upon Kwatera and ready to make the kill when suddenly a sound which Kwatera thought only to be legend rang out. Thundering tones rang out again and again over the jungle and the jungle ape, as well as all the other animals of the jungle became passive and cried out in one voice, "Hail Ahtu, god of all temple bells."

Kwatera slept, for how long he could not know; but when he awoke, he found himself in the midst of the legendary city of Malda, which had once been the capital of an empire but now was abandoned and choked by the jungle. Kwatera remembered the giant jungle ape and began to reach for his knife when a voice behind him told him not to be afraid.

Kwatera turned and found himself in front of the greatest wonder of all---- four wooden pillars topped by Ahtu, god of all temple bells and posesser of the power of speech.

During the days that followed, Ahtu instructed the jungle boy Kwatera in many things. But most of all, Ahtu wished to be taken to the fields of Polata where the great battle was to be fought between Halka, the evil one, and Malno, champion of justice.

On the seventh day, the preparations were ready, and Ahtu magically desended from atop the four wooden pillars to be carried by 20 Kambezi, the zombie-like creatures who guarded Ahtu for centuries. For days they marched without stopping, the Kambezi never tiring. On the 40th day, they reached the fields of Polata, where the battle was about to begin, and were taken to the tent of Malno, the just man. Malno knew the story of Ahtu which, in centuries past, had saved the empire from many perils. Malnos forces carried Ahtu into battle that day and the evil Halka was driven back, never to threaten the empire again.

In thanksgiving for his victory, Malno had the city and pillars of Ahtu restored and that city became the capital of a glorious empire. And when Malno died in his 120th year, Kwatera, who was once only a humble jungle boy, became emperor.

After 50 years of rule, Kwatera, while worshipping Ahtu at his four pillars, was struck with a vision of his own death. And when that happened, both Ahtu and the body of the emperor Kwatera were dropped into the lake Jantra, from where, accord-

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my own story

(continued from page 1)
month. Most of those facts are true, but I'd like to elaborate on them a bit.

Following my stay in the jungle, I was bought by Joliet for $39.95 and placed in the Will County Courthouse. For several decades the people of Joliet were guided through their day's activities as I controlled their every movement, chiming the time for lunch, when to come to work, when to go home, when to go to the bathroom...

Left wing radicals finally silenced me in the '40s. However, as the courthouse was being torn down last year, JJC bought me for $1500 with heaven-knows-whose money.

After obtaining colors of green and black, I got fed up and left for Florida, where I got my present bronze color. I later spent several months in Cincinnati visiting relatives. I fell in love with a beautiful bell over a Lutheran church, but it didnt work out; you see, we came from different ethnic backgrounds.

legend of ahtu

(continued from page 2)
ing to legend, Ahtu will rise again at the call of another ignorant jungle boy, and will guide and speak to the jungle boy's people from atop his four pillars of wood as he did in the days of Kwatera.

valek to lecture

Mr. Paul Valek, JJC's student of the month for January, will lecture Thursday before the Waubonsee Supper Club luncheon on "How The Bell Is Expected To Affect U.S. Foreign Policy." Admission is free and is open to the student body and general public. Informal attire.

franks fun house

"Are you going south for the winter?" "No. Why go south for the winter when we have winter right here?"

He: I wish I had enough money to marry.
She: Are you serious, dear?
He: Yes. I'd take a trip to Europe.

A popular song is one we all think we can sing.

the department store

by John R. Shields

NEW SEMESTER DEPT: Resolutions are in order at this time, just as they are at New Years...this semester, we resolve to continue cursing that bell when it rings (an easy one to keep!)...to continue criticizing the administration for things we consider improper, and to be prepared to debate such criticisms, and to suggest solutions or better methods, thus making it constructive criticism. To demand continually improving education and facilities and demand that you appreciate efforts in that direction...and to be honest, fair, and tough, thus setting precedents all around...

PASS IT ON DEPT: In our ever continuing effort to keep you informed, this column passes on things you may not have read or thought about. Not all

(continued on page 4)

D'AMICO'S 214

COUNT BASIE
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

WEDNESDAY FEB 11 1970
8 PM
JJC STUDENTS HALF PRICE

$1.50 $2.00 $2.50

The evening with the great Count Basie and his Orchestra should prove to be one of great excitement. Frank Sinatra, whom Basie has backed up on several LP's, including the million seller "Sinatra At The Sands," said at their first teaming in 1962, "I've waited 20 years for this moment." See why Wednesday.

department store

(continued from page 3)

items are original. Irv Kupcinet, Mike Royko, and Jack Mably, to name a few, do not claim to be 100% so...at the ripe old age of 23, we realize such is impossible, however, we praise the idealism and "originality" of other columnists on campus and around the town... NOW ISNT THAT JUST WHAT YOU'D EXPECT DEPT: Formula for bringing about world peace espoused by a fellow named Brody a couple of weeks ago was to simply give away his fortune to the needy (or was it greedy?) persons. Ah! That good old American ingenuity...JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED DEPT: For those of you who are new, welcome to Ding Dong School. Really, though, it's just wonderful, and at that price, well, could you have passed it up?...two things, though...we need to find out who asked Santa for the donged thing, and we need someone to play Miss Frances...THE SILENT MAJORITY DEPT. Recent issues of SSS have been provoking apoplexy in some people...comments such as "garbage" and "trash" have been common... even a "deadwood" or two have been heard...the editor has been called "convoluted" and many are swearing not to read us again. Such a position is just one step above those who have never read us and is definitely toward a return to the depths of apathy, an already overcrowded spot at JJC...we dont ask you to agree, just listen, and think, and if you've a mind to, reply...censorship not spoken here...THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING DEPT: Someone who equates "underground" newspapers and the Vietnam Moratorium with riots and destruction of property hardly is in a position to accuse the administration, the faculty, "deadwood," or even the bell of failing to communicate.

STATE OF THE UNION

by Jim Ridings

JJC now has its needed and desired lounge space in the student union. Before the wall was constructed to separate the lounge from the rest of the union, confusion, a high level of noise, and a mounting garbage problem (another area SubSS will look into, see related article by John Dzuryak, pp.1&4) complicated many things.

In discussing the new change with Dean Henry Pillard, he said that this would benifit the counselors, the secretaries, and the Deans in the union, as well as the students. Mr. Pillard explained that the construction of the building does not muffle noise, but rather amplifies it.

The suggestion was originally spearheaded by faculty member Mr. Patrick Asher, who expressed delight at the completion of the project. "The union is the one place on campus that should be presentable and conducive to a college atmosphere," said Mr. Asher, who took the idea to College Congress where it taken up by rep Bob Kelly, last November.

Mr. Pillard added that an added advantage was cleanliness, since food would not be allowed in the lounge area, and the trash would be confined to the cafeteria section. Also, seating space would increase, since the wall allows chairs to be placed back-to-back against the wall, creating two lines rather than one. The possibility is that the lounge section may some day be carpeted.

Although trite and inane signs like "just relax," and "air for breathing only" do little (whatever their objective is), maybe the student body will utilize the trash cans and ash trays,and maybe the expensive new furniture and new lounge will instill a little pride for their surroundings, to a point where nauseous preaching will no longer be needed, and the union and grounds will look less like a barn and more like a campus.

trash on campus

(continued from page 1)

less disgarding of our trash.

We do it without realizing we are doing it. Driving back to school from lunch, we throw that sack full of wrappers and cups out our car window. We leave garbage laying around the lounge. Cigarette butts are scattered heavily around the floor. Cups line the tables as well as ever loaded ash trays.

Of course, it is better to have the trash on the tables rather than on the floor, but how about trying to put the trash into a container? A container known as a trash can. You know what one is, don't you? Why dont you try using one next time instead of throwing your garbage on the floor?

We all know we wouldnt throw our trash on the floor if we were at home, so why do it at school? Dont you have any respect for the facilities you are able to have? If the situation really got bad, the lounge could be closed and we could all be out in the cold because a few individuals wont pick up their garbage

If you can keep our trash cans full, you'd be able to look around and see what there is to be seen

-John Dzuryak-

letters to the editor

Dear Editor, Due to a misunderstanding, I was quoted as saying that a Bachelors and Masters degree were required by most police depts. (SUB. Jan 19, 1970) This is not true. Some departments do require it but the majority do not. I would like this point clarified. Thank you.

Mr. Frank Alberico

The Subterranean wishes to thank the Water Dept. for its prompt and immediate aprehension of the escaped lake, captured on the sidewalk near Sauk Valley and Highland. On the FBI's 10 Most Wanted Lakes list, it escaped from the Desplaines canal, and took up residence in many Juco locations before its capture by the authorities. It did not resist.